KEOWEE COURIER.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man."

BY ROB'T. A. THOMPSON. PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857. VOL. VIII.——NO. 48.

SELECTED POETRY.

The Old Church Bells.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower,
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower.
Cloud there is none in the fair summer sky;
Sunshine flings benison down from on high;
Children sing loud as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray.
Priests chanting lowly;
Solemnly, slowly
Passeth the corpse from the portal to day,
Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur, old folk, as the train moves along,
"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.
Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,
In sunshine and gladness,
Thro' clouds and thro' sadness,
Bridal and burial have passed away.
Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life,
Life is our labor, and Death is our rest,
If happy the Living, the dead are the blest.

MISCELLANY.

A Leaf from Memory.

THE OLD ROAD.

Friend, if it be a pleasure to you to recall old and familiar scenes, then read this sketch of an old road and its companions. We copy from the Chicago Daily Journal:

In almost every old neighborhood, there is an old road, disused and half forgotten, and we like to get away from the traveled thoroughfare, and wander, in a summer's day, along its deserted way. Our grandfathers had a species of indomitable directness, in making roads and making love truly edifying. They did not believe in the line of beauty; there was nothing curvilinear about them, either in word or deed. They went by square and compass, and life and religion were laid out like Solomon's temple.

And so, straight over the hill, and right through the big timber, and plump into the swamp, and bounce over the "corduroy," went the old road. It's long bridges are broken and mossy now, and the brown birds in white waistcoats build nests beneath them, undisturbed by the rumble of wheels over head. Nobody goes that way, not even the boys *en route* to school; for ever so many years ago, in a November day, they have heard, a stranger went down by the old mill—you can see the rim of its old wheel from here—and was never seen again. Years after, among the hemlocks human bones were found, and to this day, on windy nights, groans come out of the gulf, and the troubled ghost is thought to be walking still. Over yonder, is a broad dist ed Sunflower and a heap of stone. The latter was once a hearth, for a house stood there, and after the stranger disappeared, the tenant grew suddenly rich as the times went, and showed gold with unknown words upon it that none of the neighbors could make out, and pretty soon, he took all that he had and went west; as some said, to the "Genesee Country," and others, to "the Ohio," which was yet more like a dream than the Genesee. After that nobody would live in the house, and it grew ruinous and was haunted, and people saw a light there in dark nights, or thought they did, and the children shunned it, except in the brightest of mornings, when the sun was shining and the birds were singing, and the cows went lowing, Indian file, to the pasture; and after a while, the old house tumbled down and crumbled away.

Such stories thrive along old roads, even as the May weed, and the thistles, that nobody ever cuts down, and on whose pink tops, the yellow birds rock up and down, like little boats at anchor, till the fall winds whistle away the golden birds and the white down.

Even the brooks that used to tinkle across the track under the little bridges, have somehow run dry, or gone another way, and you will see an old trough, dusty and bleached, by the roadside, the strips of bark that brought the water from the hills, broken and scattered, and the earth worn hard and smooth with the trembling of many feet. Very long ago, a tin cup used to hang there, tethered with a string, for the sake of thirsty travelers. We like to stand by the deserted watering place, where only a broken thread of ice-cold water trickles its way down to the road side, and fancy how eagerly, in the long summer days, the horses panting through the heavy sand and up the rocky hills, thrust their noses deep into the overflowing trough of crystal coolness, while, over and anon, the cautious drivers pulled up their heads with a jerk, until the long-drawn breath of inarticulate content.

We like to think how the dripping cup was borne to bearded lips, that were eloquent and true of old, and lips, perchance of beauty, that are dusty; how bees, from the shimmering fields, came bugling thither, and crept, with dainty feet, along the trough's damp edge; how birds sat there and drank, and rendered their little thanks, and rode away upon the billowy air; how, now and then, a squirrel, red and sleek, with snowy throat, flashed chattering along the devious rails thereto, and flashed away again; or a gray rabbit, with little noiseless leaps and listening ears, took hurried draughts and squatted among the alders till the panting dog had lapped the nectar of the wayside spring.

There, where the maple wears its crown, a lazy gate is swinging in the wind, sole relic of a fence that straggled round a home, of which the weedy, tangled hollow alone gives proof. It may have been, some Rachel dwelt therein, who met a second Jacob at the spring, and Fancy listens for the words they said, not found in "Ovid's art of love"—the maid a matron, and the matron dead.

And then strolling thoughtfully along, where the track grows dim, and losses itself in the grass, we come to the beeches, whereto, we like to think, glad children once made pilgrimage. That chafed and sturdy limb, just there, has borne a weight more precious than its leaves. Upon that stout, old arm, swayed to and fro, like Canaries in a ring, swung clusters of laughing girls and boys; and in long rows and hand in hand, made bows and "courtesies" to the passing traveler, while tattered hats of straw and wool tossed here and there, proclaimed the coming stage. Ah, there were days when over the old road, ran the yellow, mud-stained coach; laboring up its hills, and pitching along its log ways, and lurching in its deep-worn tracks, and rattling down its steeps, and splashing through its brooks. And there, even there, in that roofless dwelling, whose clapboards rattle in the wind, behold "the stage house" of the elder time. Day after day, from the neighboring hill, the driver's horn blown sharp and shrill, proclaimed his coming; gallantly he brought to, before that low-browed stoop, through whose broken floor weeds are growing. What a rattling of bolts and axles, and jingling of chains there were, as he drew up, and with what a professional air, he gathered the ribbons in one hand and the Alexandrine lash slipped noiselessly through his fingers, and exploded like a witch's laugh between the two ears of the off leader. Very grand people used to get out of that stage, sometimes, and quite as grand were the dinners that the blowing [illegible]. Then it was, that the blacksmith, in his dusty shop across the road, was wont to lean upon his hammer, and discuss the merits of wheel-horse and leader; you can see, even to this day, the burned and blackened ring of the green sward, where he used to "set the tire." Of the smithy and the man no other trace remains.

Children sometimes wander out to the old road, and wonder where it leads, and whether to the end of the world; and we delight to join them in conjecture; to think what stalwart men they were, that, axe in hand, so bravely cut their way through the dim resounding woods, and rolled their cabins up; to think what "beauty" and what "beast" in olden times did pass along this road; what laughter echoed and what jests went round; how canvas-covered wains in many a camp were scattered towards the west, and red fires twinkled through the leafy tents; how soldiers in some old campaign, and ponderous cannon went that way to war, and returned at last, but fewer than they went.

This was the route of them, perhaps, who founded cities in the brave, young west; its future sinews and its coming men; of newly wedded pairs bound for the later Canaan; of murderers hastening from the hue and cry. Across its beaten track, the deer have dashed, the Indian noiseless stole, the forest shadows fallen at high noon. Westward it went, to some great lake, they said, where fields all ready for the plough grew green to the water's edge; where Springs came early and golden Autumns lingered late. Romance passed that way, and hand in hand with humblest Hope, and Love beguiled the hours. Hawk-eyed Speculation spurred his jaded steed, and young Ambition followed hard behind.

Along that way, trameled beneath the driver's feet, the mail-bag went and came, and now and then, a letter from the West; a great brown sheet, and traced with awkward pen and faded ink, yet how like a ballad the homely missive ran; of green marsh fields, and February flowers; of Nature's meadows waiting for the scythe; of clustering grapes that mantled all the woods; of nearest neighbors but two miles apart; of dreams of plenty and of peace.—Blended therewith were memories of home and words of love sent back, and a little sigh half breathed, for faces they never should see more. What tidings went, sometimes, of fortunes won, and fame, by errand sons; of girls whose graves were made where the sunbeams rest, "when they promise a glorious morrow." Thus slowly, to and fro, crept the sweet syllables of love, the untransplanted Gospel of the human heart; and though long on the way, they never grew chilly or old.

But over on the new route, they have strung the Telegraph, where the rise of flour and the fall of foes are transmitted by the same flash, and the price of barley and a priceless blessing go flickering along in company. The houses on the old road—what few there are left—stand with their backs to the railway and the telegraph; and the World, as it goes thundering by, looks askance upon the back-kitchens, mop handles and pig pens of the old time.

But the houses on the new road, are very new, and smell of paint; the blinds are very green, and the people very grand.—The East and the West have kissed each other, across the continent, and every body and thing between are brisk as a flea, and breathless as a king's trumpeter. Even consumption has whipped up its pale horse to a gallop, and dashed into the steeple chase of the Age.

And year after year, the old road grows dimmer, and the grass gets green across the track, and it is re-christened "the long pasture," and is surrendered to the lowing herds and the singing birds. In the midst of a region humming with life, it alone is silent, and almost awakens human sympathy, so wandering and lost it seems. Sometimes, as you dash along the "McAdam," you can see it as it comes into sight round a clump of tangled trees, and "makes" as if it would venture into the new thoroughfare and go somewhere, but it never does, for speedily stealing back into the hollow, it is lost among the willows.

Like very old memory, in the heart, is it, and all forget it but the year. Spring remembers it, and borders it with green and sprinkles it with the gold coin of the dandelion, and the little stars of the May weed. Summer sends the bee thither to bugle among the thistle blows, and the ground sparrows to build in its margins, and the faded ribbon of yellow sand grows bright in its glowing sun. The winds waft the breath of the morning over its desolate way and the rains beat out the old foot prints it has borne. Autumn sighs as it follows it through the ravine and among the hemlocks, and the drifts that Winter heaps, are unbroken and stainless.

No bolder feet, old Road, ever left their impress on the other path; no truer hearts than hastened on thy rugged way, have ever panted for "the better land." If there were ever those whose laugh was music, then thy woods have heard it; the daughters of the West are passing fair, but those young brows of old, whose white flashed white again from thy once singing streams and eyes glanced back to eyes—no brighter and no purer were ever bent above a classic wave.

Like thee, those brows are furrowed and those eyes are dim. Like thee, Ambition's line fades from the eye of time, and like the dusty "runaways" of thy brooks, soft pulses

How Do You Do?

National forms of salutation are true indices of national character. The whole history of a race may be found in the dictionary of its language. Words and phrases are the offspring of previously existing objects, thoughts and circumstances, and their paternity is really traced.

Thus, among all savage and warlike people, the common salutation conveys a wish or a prayer, that the person saluted may enjoy peace, the greatest good of individuals and of nations, and the boon most frequently withheld in that phase of life.—Throughout the bible this is the invariable blessing—shalum! and the wandering Bedouins of the desert have, to this day, the same form of salutation. Another phrase of theirs, "if God will thou art well," betrays the fatalism of Islam.

"Peace be unto thee," says the fluent and facile Persian: "I make prayers for thy greatness; may thy shadow never be less!" This last form smacks of summer and the South. Such a salutation would make a Northman shiver. It shows, too, a great respect for fat—for a dignified, aldermanic rotundity.

The Greeks, a joyful people, full of the vigor of a life of action, expressed their salutation in a single word—"rejoice."

The commercial and enterprising Genoese of the middle ages, used to say, *Sanctata queda-guo*—"Health and gain,"—than which no phrase could be more characteristic.

In a similar spirit, the "swaggering Hollander" salutes you with *Hoe varai's-ge?* "How fare you?"

The easy, phlegmatic German says, *Le ben sie wohl?*—"Live thou well!"

The Frenchman's *Comment vous portez vous?*—"How do you carry yourself?"—reveals the very soul of the French character. How is the formulary, and not what. And then the *portez vous*, how well it expresses the eager restlessness and vivacious manners of that nation. *Comment ca vait-il?* is of the same tone and character.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in a hearty, but business-like tone, greet you with "How do you do?" What could be more characteristic of the great and potential Anglo-Saxon race. To do, of course—of this there is no question; it is the all of life; but how do you do?" "How are you?" This embraces all—health, wealth, power, knowledge. What more could one say? and here it is all in three words—"How are you?" "How do you do?" Again the answer is, "Well"—I do well! Reader, "How do you do?"—*Life Illustrated.*

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the gentleman in very positive terms, that he would never reach heaven unless he was born again, and added, "I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety." "And have you been born again?" said his companion.—"Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him very attentively, "I shouldn't think it would hurt you to be born once more."

Going Home.

I'm going home! shouts the little rosy cheeked boy; no more school till Monday, while the beaming eye, bright, laughing face, and elastic limbs, as he goes bounding and shouting down the street, tell how irksome to his restive spirit is the restraint of the school-room.

Take care, Mother! On you is resting a weighty responsibility. Curb not that restless one—he is not a man yet—time enough when he fills the Senator's chair, for a Senator's dignity. Vent it must have, only direct it in a beautiful channel, and it will improve and strengthen both mind and body. Watch the little feet; direct his steps aright; shield him from temptation now; and as his mind expands, fortify it with a love of right, and a hatred of wrong; thus preparing him to fight manfully life's battles, when he shall leave the parental roof, and launch his own frail bark on life's tempestuous sea.

Going home! says the quiet little blue-eyed girl. Her bonnet is half-thrown back, while the sportive wind lifts gently the wealth of golden curls from that fair, open brow; while her sweet face wears a sunny smile, as if thoughts of *home* and *mother* filled that wee one's heart. She hurries on, and is soon nestled lovingly at a parent's feet.

Mother! nurse her tenderly. All too soon will Father Time rob you of your rose bud. Yours is the hand, now in childhood's plastic morning, to endure and prune it. It is your mission to water it with the refreshing dews of love; to remove all obnoxious weeds; all that is deleterious to its complete development, and throw around it those hallowed influences only found within the precincts of *home* until it shall expand into a perfect flower, and, in turn, others shall be blessed in its genial atmosphere.

Going home! The boarding school is closed; trunks packed; stage waiting; and the happy maiden trips gaily down the avenue—"sweet home" her song. Pleasantly have the months flown by on golden wings with an honored teacher and loved school-mates, while gathering unfading flowers, and plucking ambrosial fruits in the fair field of knowledge. But those halcyon days are ended, and if a shade of regret rests for an instant on her brow, as the thought flashes through her mind it is soon dispelled by thoughts of that *home* to of that household chain to be again united.

It is thine, gentle maiden, to put now to a practical purpose the knowledge you have acquired. There is a mother who watched over your infantile years, bearing uncomplainingly the burdens imposed by your childish whims and caprices. It is thine now to ease her burdens; to perform faithfully the part allotted thee, as an older member of that band of children. Act well thy part; soon may other duties call thee from them. Then strive so to perform thy present allotments that no vain regrets shall attend thee when thou art called upon to leave thy childhood's home; that thy memories may be but pleasing echoes of faithfully discharged duties.

Yes! going home! laughingly halloos the student. My four years at college are passed; my diploma is received; graduated with the highest honors; have visited every nook and haunt rendered dear by college associations; have extended the parting hand to the Professors, and bidden my classmates farewell; now for a rest beneath the shadowy elms at the old farm house. Clothes, books, and all the paraphernalia of student life, are thrown into the trunk in a state of glorious confusion. Never mind how disordered now, when home is reached, some careful mother or doting sister will arrange, repair, and systemize.

Happy art thou, young man, if thou hast passed through all the vicissitudes of a collegiate course unscathed. Thus far hast thou been guided—in a measure controlled—by others. Now you are launching upon your own responsibility. Go forth, whatever your undertaking, with a realizing sense of the position in society you occupy as an educated man. Whatever your aspirations, be governed by firm, religious principles, a determination to persevere, and success will attend you.

Going home! murmurs the young bride, her head resting lovingly on her husband's shoulder. Three short months has she been a happy wife! So soon is the birdling uneasy! So soon the dove, scarce caged in another home, sighing for its native skies, and the land where it was nurtured! Ah! she knows that there is one vacant place in the home that she has left—that fond parents and loved brothers and sisters anxiously wait her return, and she longs again to be clasped in the loving embrace of earth's first truest friends. Happy has she been with her husband in the home over which she had been installed as its guardian angel; yet the home of her childhood, the friends of her youth, she forgets not; and though years may come and go with their pleasures and blessings, often will her thoughts revert to the home of her youth; and often, while that home remains will she "thither fly."

Thou deest well to value it highly. Soon will those loved parents rest beneath the valley sods; soon will those brothers and sisters be widely separated; and strangers will gather round that hearthstone. Then prize it highly!

Going home! says the aged pilgrim.—The sands of life are nearly run. Soon will my pilgrimage on earth be ended. I am nearing that dark valley through which all must pass; and whence none ever return. Alone? Ah! no. "I know in whom I have believed." My lamp has long been "trimmed and burning," and now I have no fears.

Going home! That home, unlike those of earth; when once its portals are passed, sickness and sorrow, death and change are unknown. A home whose gates are inlaid with precious stones, and whose streets are paved with gold. Streams there are, on whose banks perrennial flowers bloom, "that make glad the city of our God." There the society will only be the pure and holy. The only employment, singing "the song of redeeming love," and worshiping and adoring our Creator. And Jesus will be there. "He will feed me, and lead me unto living fountains of water," and "God shall wipe away all tears from mine eyes."

Going home! I hear e'en now the swelling of Jordan's flood; angels are hovering o'er me, chanting the song of reedeeming love, waiting, on wings of love, to carry my spirit *home* when it bursts its clayey tenement?

"O, death! where is thy sting? O, grave! where is thy victory?"

HARD SERVICE.—In a conversation with our friend Todd, the indefatigable Mail Agent on the Columbia and Greenville Railroad, he incidentally mentioned some interesting particulars as to his mail service We trust he will pardon their publication, as they possess interest to the public.

Since his appointment, August 26, 1853, he has made 585 trips as Mail Route Agent over the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, 286 miles to each trip, making 167,310 miles traveled. During that time he has mailed over 36,000 letters. He has employed substitutes for only five trips, and has never lost a trip on account of his own sickness.

Has any other man in the State traveled as many miles in three years and nine months?

If the Government had as faithful and punctual agents on some other roads, we might get some of our mails more regularly, and in better time.—*Carolinian.*

ST. LOUIS, June 2.—The Leavenworth Herald learns from Mr. Williams, who left Salt Lake City, April 15th, that Brigham Young was carrying things with a high hand. Judge Stiles, the U. S. Marshal, Surveyor General, and a large number of emigrants, had been obliged to leave the territory.

NEW ORLEANS, June 1, 1857.—The steam ship Louisiana was burned in Galveston, (Texas) Bay, on the morning of the 31st. Eleven lives were certainly lost. Colonel Bainbridge, of the United States Army, and thirty-one others are missing. Twenty-five persons were saved by seamen belonging to the steamship Galveston.

YOUNG AMERICA.—The following letter, we are informed, was actually written and sent to Mr. Buchanan, by the son of one of our most esteemed citizens, (and by the way a prominent politician himself,)—without any suggestion from any quarter—at least so far as is known to his Father. Its contents were accidentally discovered after the letter was finished. We give it as a good illustration of "Young America," and decidedly the best "hit" at "services" and "office-seeking," that we have ever seen. We hope the little fellow got his office, or at any rate the Ten dollars. Such modesty in office-seekers, as Maj. Pendennis would say, "ought to be patronized!"

ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 15th, 1857.

Hon. Jas. Buchanan—Dear Sir: The election is now over, and you are President. During the canvass I have hollered for you until I am hoarse, and my throat is sore, and I have spent all my small change. If you have got any office that would suit a boy of my age, (13 years) I would like to have it—and if not—please send me Ten Dollars. Yours Respectfully,

[*Atlanta Intelligencer.*

THE editor of the Lumpkin Plaindealer, has recently been to Cuthbert, the county seat of Randolph county, and thus summarily disposes of his visit:

"We spent the two weeks in the fast town of Cuthbert, during which time they had a festival, a concert, one or two parties, two or three marriages, five or six deaths, two hail storms, one fight, held court two weeks, went half through the business, found no true bills, sheriff paid no money to foreign lawyers, and we came off in debt, and left them in high spirits, expecting soon to have a railroad.

DISINTERESTED GRIEF.—Cooke, the tragedian, was in the habit of giving orders to a widow lady, who was once sitting in the pit, with her little girl, when their friend, the performer, was about to be stabbed by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh! don't kill him, sir—don't kill him; for if you do, he won't give us any more pit orders!" Her disinterested grief, like the gratitude of some people, was a lively sense of benefits to come.

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

Hay Making in the South.

A Brief Essay, read before the "Beach Island Farmer's Club," at the October Meeting.

GENTLEMEN: As it is expected that each member of this Club shall make a report of some experiment, I take this opportunity to present the following, on hay making:

About the first of May, I had a ten acre lot of good river-bottom land plowed up, with double plows, from 6 to 10 inches deep; the land was then well harrowed with a good two horse iron-tooth harrow, across the plowing, and then rolled with a cast iron two-horse roller, in order to make the surface as smooth as possible. The land was soon covered with crab-grass. In consequence of the hot dry weather, I had almost despaired of realizing a crop; but after the heavy rain which fell about the 1st of September, it revived and grew off rapidly, and continued to improve until the latter part of September, when it was from two to three feet high, at which time I cut it with scythes. The plan I adopted for curing was, to have what was cut in the morning turned over and stacked up about four or five hours after it was cut, and that part of it that had from four to six hours sun on it was then put into common size shocks and remained until the next day about ten o'clock, or until the dew was entirely off, at which time they were again opened and the hay again spread, and remained so until evening, when it was put into shocks again, and remained so until the dew was off next day, when they were opened and spread as above stated; in the afternoon, such as was sufficiently cured I had packed in the barn.

I measured one acre and obtained from that 7,675 pounds of well cured hay, which I sold for 75 cents per cwt. in Augusta; it was weighed at the city scales, and at that low price amounted to $57.56. At $1 per hundred, the amount would have been $76.75; at $1.25 per hundred $115.12.—These prices are not unfrequently paid for an article in no way superior. I think there were three or four acres in the lot as good as the one I measured; the balance not more than two-thirds as good. At the rate sold, the whole lot would amount to $460; and of course still higher at increased rates, as shown above.

I would simply call the attention of the members to the fact that if this crop had been made under [illegible] that Northern hay commands in Augusta, which is about $1.50, it would amount to $920, or $92 per acre.

My impression is that two crops may be taken from the same land by commencing earlier in the season, and there is no crop more profitable with the same amount of labor.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JONATHAN M. MILLER.

GOODALE, near Augusta, Ga.

HEN PERSUADERS.—The Springfield Republican, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap door, a. ! so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

"Blobbs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobbs had a lovely young Shanghai pullet, of boundless ambition. Blobbs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Blobbs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him.—Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night, he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe-nails, and a bill; in the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobbs saw it all!! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and, fired by young ambition, she had laid herself all away."

OPINIONS OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.—The man who is proud of his money has rarely anything better to be proud of.—Trees with double flowers are too often, the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit. There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so In medicine, a Brougham goes much further than knowledge. Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived! Common sense has become such a rare commodity that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it. Wealth itself is not so much despised—it is only the man who is the possessor of it. Every woman is born with a master-mind; that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can. No man *living* should say an ill word against the doctors. Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back. Toad eating is always in fashion. In France, there is nothing young—excepting your *objets d'antique.*—*Punch.*

LADY FRIENDS.—We certainly would tinker the world, here and there, if it were com-*mend*-able—but particularly for the uses of embarrassed young ladies. Says a certain otherwise anonymous "Ina" to us, at the end of a long communication: "Once again I ask, is it proper for a young, lively and unprotected female, to introduce herself to the man whom of all others she most desires to know, while at the same time she would rather die than forfeit his good opinion; and would the fact of her being a widow make the self-presentation any less proper?" To which we say, bashfully, "go ahead."